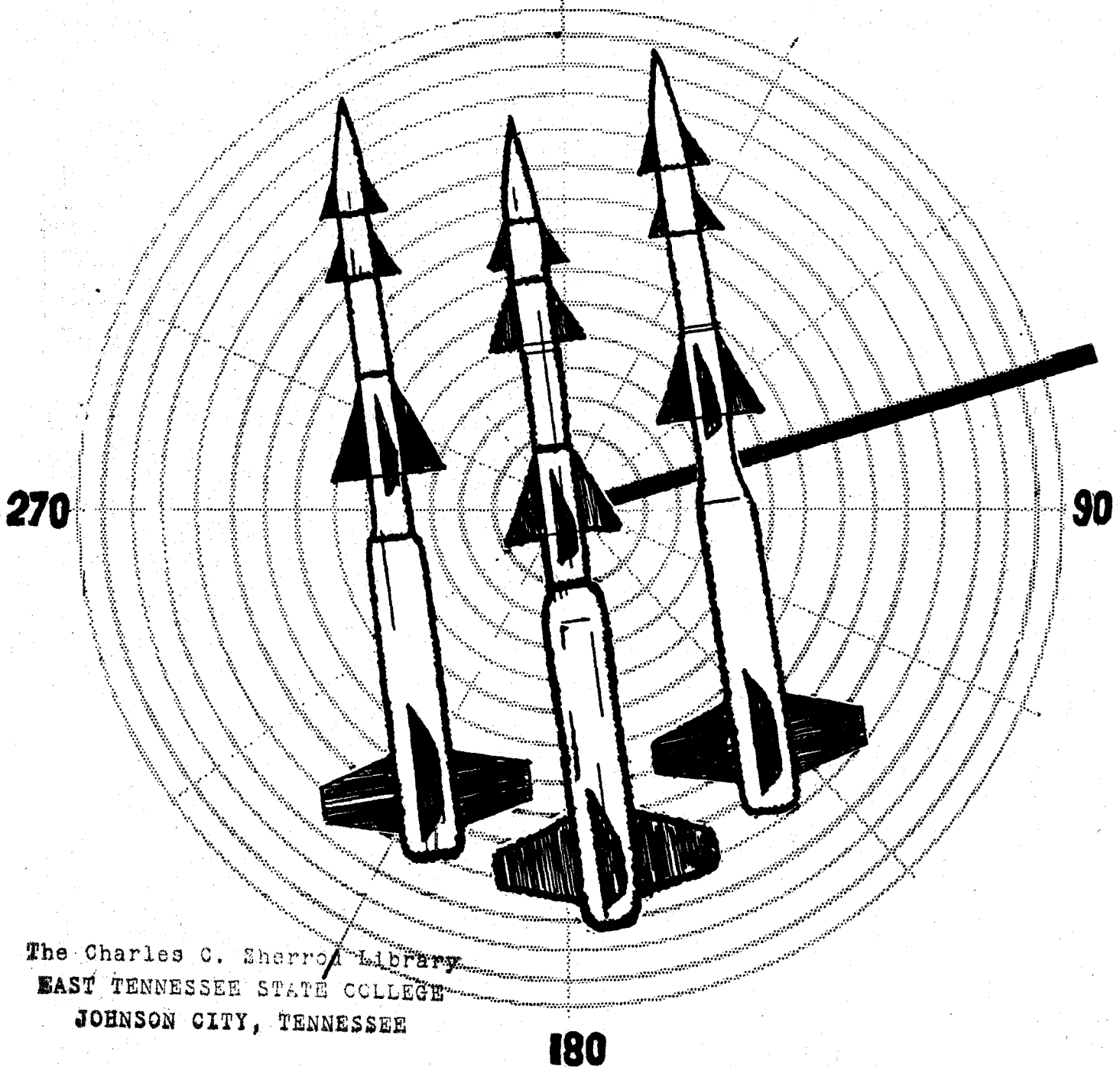


# THE NATION

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## THE MISSILE ERA

# LETTERS

## How Many Big Powers?

Dear Sirs: Barrister James Joyce's gleeful hosannas concerning the U.N.'s coming of age (*The Nation*, May 18) presents an interesting spectacle. Could it be that the U.N. has its own version of Madison Ave.—the delegates' lounge, perhaps? It is beyond the scope of this letter to expose all of the article's contradictions and logical failings. However, it should be obvious to anyone who is even slightly aware of contemporary happenings that the author's basic premise is false. He errs in assuming that there are four Big Powers in the U.N. There are just two—United States and Russia! The U.N. has been effective in only one instance—and then only because the two Big Powers acted in unison.

LEON SALES

Elizabeth, N.J.

## Justice Holmes

Dear Sirs: I agree with Professor Latham's observation (in his review of Mark DeWolfe Howe's book on Justice Holmes in *The Nation* of May 4) that Holmes's admirers fail to "discriminate between his artistry and his doctrine." But I suggest that, by implication at least, Professor Latham over-corrects the popular impression.

Holmes was certainly no liberal in the current sense of the word. From the beginning to the end of his long life he was a patrician in manner and attitudes, a Republican in politics and an innocent in the economic world of every day. But a few years after the letter to Dean Wigmore which Professor Latham quotes, he came under the influence of a group of men, especially Harold Laski and Justice Brandeis, and a remarkable thing happened to him. His theretofore cosmic indifference to the plight of man, which excluded a "moral tone," began to soften and a new strain of sympathy and humanism began to assert itself in his thought. Of the many evidences that came from his pen and in his correspondence with Laski (a rich storehouse edited by Professor Howe), I shall cite only his dissent in the child-labor case, in which he protests feelingly against the majority's holding that it was permissible to prohibit interstate transportation of strong drink but not of "the products of ruined lives."

In the perspective of a long life (1841-1935), all this may be regarded as mere overtones. But it was in these

overtones that the grandeur of Holmes was revealed and it is for this grandeur, and not merely for his "artistry," that he is admired. Justice Jackson was not less an artist, indeed he was one perhaps more consistently, than Holmes. What made Holmes a popular hero and sage, whereas Justice Jackson is already all but forgotten, is the difference in their responses to the crises that challenged the last periods of their careers. Like Justice Black in our own day, Holmes rose to meet it nobly; Jackson, to put it charitably, faltered.

DAVID L. WEISSMAN

New York City

## The Foundation Profits

Dear Sirs: *The Nation* article, Billy Graham: In Business with the Lord, by W. G. McLoughlin, Jr., [issue of May 11] is on my desk and read. The temper of the article, which does not surprise me at all, is sharply defined by this sentence: "Some will turn to alcohol, others to religion." Apparently the author has equal regard for each.

Factually the piece is frequently far offside—to put it mildly. For instance: "He obtains, of course, a sizable income from his books, articles and syndicated newspaper column." *Christian Herald* has just received a canceled check made out to Billy Graham for an article which we purchased from him. He, in turn, endorsed the check to the foundation which supports the overall and comprehensive "Billy Graham" activities.

DANIEL A. POLING

Editor, *Christian Herald*

New York City

## The Price of Health

Dear Sirs: Mr. Allen Klein's letter in your issue of May 18 rightly points out that sulfonamides and anti-biotics have saved millions of lives, but gives the credit for this achievement to the manufacturers and not, where it rightly belongs, to the discoverer, the scientist and to the clinician. Making the manufacturer the hero, he feels that an extra premium from the public's pockets is trifling when compared with the cost of an operation. It would be equally absurd to make the pasteurization of milk, which has brought infant mortality down to the present low level, or purification of our water supply which has practically eliminated typhoid fever, a source of unlimited profit. The mere fact that there is universal demand for antibiotics today makes reduction of their price mandatory, unless their use becomes a privilege of the rich. A cost of

\$10 or \$12 for a prescription may seem trifling to Mr. Klein, but is prohibitive to the average wage-earner.

JACOB AUSLANDER, M.D.

New York City

## In This Issue

### EDITORIALS

469 •

### ARTICLES

- 472 • The Missile Era  
1. Bull Market for Missiles  
by VERN HAUGLAND
- 475 • 2. Missiles Guide Diplomacy  
by FREDERIC W. COLLINS
- 477 • "Give Us the Vote!"  
by DAN WAKEFIELD
- 479 • Politics, Protection and Fish  
by FRED J. COOK

### BOOKS AND THE ARTS

- 482 • Of Children and Idiots  
by GEORGE CUOMO
  - 483 • A Narrow Squeak (poem)  
by A. J. M. SMITH
  - 484 • The Fate of a Writer  
by MARK GAYN
  - 485 • The Policy of Backward Nations  
by JOAN ROBINSON
  - 486 • Theatre and Films  
by ROBERT HATCH
  - 486 • A Problem in Morals (poem)  
by HOWARD MOSS
  - 487 • Television  
by ANNE W. LANGMAN
  - 488 • Music  
by LESTER TRIMBLE
- Crossword Puzzle (opp. 488)  
by FRANK W. LEWIS

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## EDITORIALS

### **"You Can't Trust the Russians"**

At a crucial interlude in the London disarmament talks, with Mr. Stassen recalled to Washington and Mr. Zorin to Moscow for additional instructions before the final sessions, Admiral Radford has once again sounded the familiar tocsin, "You can't trust the Russians." And so you can't, if you assume that we are currently engaged in a cold war which can only be resolved by a treaty of capitulation to be followed by a televised parade of victorious NATO forces in Red Square. Again and again one gets the impression that "the big guns" in Washington are waiting for the Russians to say "uncle" and sue for peace. If they did, then we would be able to "trust" them despite centuries of bitter experience certifying to the fact that no nation is more to be distrusted than one which has been forced to surrender.

As things stand, therefore, both sides are in the strange position of having prepared for over a decade to fight a war which has now become unthinkable. The trouble is that neither quite knows how to end the stalemate. It must be admitted, moreover, that the precedents are meager and not wholly apposite. One of the difficulties, in fact, is that both sides are still entrapped by the experience of having witnessed the unconditional surrender of Germany and Japan. Each proceeds, therefore, upon the assumption that it would be dangerous to initiate alternative policies until the cold war is terminated; yet, in the novel circumstances which prevail, it is only the adoption of alternative policies—a step at a time—that might end the cold war. If the view could prevail that there will be no occasion this time to commission out-size murals depicting "the surrender," "the parade of the victors," "the signing of the treaty" and "the scrapping of the fleet," we might be able to overcome our block about not being able to trust the Russians and get on with the business of negotiating a just and durable peace.

Fortunately the President, who in the view of today's sophisticates is a most "naive" person, has seen the point. Something, he told a press conference last week,

"just has to be done in the interest of the United States" to end the arms race and our first concern is to make sure that "we are not ourselves being recalcitrant" or "picayunish." Only a most "naive" President would, by implication, refer to an Admiral of the United States Navy, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, as recalcitrant and picayunish.

### **Is Nasser Kaput?**

*Washington*

Is President Nasser of Egypt finished, *kaput*? *The New York Times* thinks so. In an editorial the other day, it wrote, "The power of President Nasser as the dominating and domineering leader of the Arab nations has been broken." It went on to devote a column to offering thanks for his political demise.

We hate to intrude in the *Times*' fun at Nasser's wake. But we don't like to see a reputable paper encourage public delusions. It's true that King Hussein's emergence as master of Jordan was a setback for Nasser. So, too, was the Baghdad meeting of Saud of Arabia and Feisal of Iraq, though Hussein's refusal to attend and to turn the two-power conference into a two-and-a-half power meeting deprived it of greater meaning.

Who really believes, however, that these Nasser reverses offset his historic triumph in the Suez conflict? One after another the United States, Britain and all other maritime nations—except, for the moment, France—have capitulated to little Egypt's terms. His victory is the more impressive when one matches the West's armed might and money against Egypt's military impotence and impoverishment.

Not only Arabs but many non-Arab Moslems and millions of anti-colonial peoples continue looking to Nasser as their champion. He expresses the nationalist dreams of groups far exceeding the forty million Arabs.

How long can Hussein, Saud and Feisal retain even a modicum of Arab support? Anti-feudal and anti-monarchical emotions among the Arabs are still inarticulate and unorganized. Here, as elsewhere, these

emotions will eventually assert themselves with a vengeance. Who questions that the mediaeval order in Arabia is on its way out? Yet it is to this system that the United States has tied itself. The Arabs' reactionary leaders pray five times a day, but turn to Washington for advice and money.

The day after the *Times* editorially chanted the requiem over Nasser, contradiction came from one of its own correspondents in the Mideast. Reporting from Lebanon, Robert C. Doty wrote, "To the Arab masses and young middle-class intellectuals, President Nasser represents a revolutionary leader sprung from the people and expressing their aspirations. He is able to appeal effectively and directly to Iraqis, Saudis and Jordanians over the heads of their conservative monarchs."

Meanwhile, the Eisenhower Administration is trying to anticipate where Nasser may strike next. Will he stir the workers in the Saudi or Kuwait oilfields? Will he hit back at Saud by taxing him with letting Israeli or Israeli-chartered ships through the Gulf of Aqaba? Will he incite the Palestine Arabs in Jordan—one-third of the country's inhabitants—against Hussein? Will he use the anti-Christian Moslems in Lebanon or the Leftists in Syria for his next anti-Western stroke? Will he grant new favors to the Soviet Union or make further amiable gestures to Communist China?

These are among the questions plaguing our State Department and Central Intelligence Agency. They do not bear out the opinion that Nasser's power is broken.

### Interesting to Note

Herbert A. Philbrick, who regularly protects the readers of the New York *Herald Tribune* against the machinations of the diabolically clever leaders of the American Communist Party—whose verbose confessions of mistakes, failures and stupidities do not fool Philbrick for a second—has made a startling discovery about the newly-formed American Forum for Socialist Education. "It is interesting to note," he knowingly observes, "that Secretary Sidney Lens is, conveniently, located in Chicago, which has also been designated by the Communists as the location for their national headquarters." Philbrick is, of course, much too astute to be fooled by the fact that Sidney Lens, business agent for the Chicago local of a most conservative A. F. of L. union, has been an active, vocal anti-Communist for many years and holds to a brand of political thought that is anathema to William Z. Foster and colleagues. Nor has he been thrown off the scent of the conspiracy by the circumstance that the New York metropolitan press (which Mr. Philbrick is apparently much too far underground to read) recently carried the story of the purchase by the Communist Party of the old Astor-

Vanderbilt-Field mansion on West 26th Street in New York City, as a combination state-and-national headquarters. Even so, who can deny that it is "interesting" that Sid Lens lives in Chicago, the city in which Adlai Stevenson practices law and Dwight David Eisenhower was nominated for the Presidency? It is interesting, too, that Chicago should be the headquarters of institutions vital to national security, including the *Chicago Tribune*, the Union Stockyards and the Chicago White Sox. But what interests us even more is the desperation of the anti-Communist experts in their search for "interesting" evidence of the plots and conspiracies the uncovering of which is their stock-in-trade.

### Spiritual Entree

There must be weeks when the guardians of our political and moral purity get plumb discouraged. Year in and year out, they work away, censoring and subpoenaing, and then in simultaneous issues *Time* and *Newsweek* turn themselves inside out to celebrate a man who is an avowed Communist and who has an attitude toward marriage that can only be called debonair. Picasso is drawing crowds at the Museum of Modern Art second in size and fervor only to those being drawn by Billy Graham at Madison Square Garden.

Not Picasso in person, of course. He is very rich (largely because of the dollars pressed on him by American collectors) and he would have as much chance getting through an American port of entry as through the eye of a needle. But his art is here and that is the essence of the man. The Americans are funny people—they ban the body of a man, which is very much like any other body, and they gather in adulation around his spirit, which is all that is unique and important about him, for good or evil. All our guardians would agree that there is a big loophole here, but how to plug it?

### Mr. Dulles as Reporter

Washington

When John Foster Dulles condescends to let American correspondents enter China, we'll wager they'll do a more accurate reporting job than the Secretary of State. On at least two recent occasions, Mr. Dulles has grossly misled the American press and public. One concerned freedom of the press and the other European security.

In a letter to Arthur Hays Sulzberger, Mr. Dulles argued that the constitutional guarantee of a free press relates only to publication and not to gathering of news. As the *Washington Post* remarked, this is like arguing that the right to vote has nothing to do with the freedom to cast ballots. The Secretary of State invoked three Supreme Court decisions, but took them

The NATION

out of context and misconstrued them to justify his indefensible interference with the right of American newspapers and periodicals to send correspondents to Communist China.

On the second occasion—his May 14 news conference—Mr. Dulles spoke a demonstrable untruth. A reporter asked him to define U. S. policy on creation of a neutralized or demilitarized zone in Europe based on the iron-curtain division inside Germany. He began by replying that we do not accept any arrangement based upon the present partition of Germany. He then went on: "There seems to be perhaps some misunderstanding about the so-called *Eden formula* which, as submitted at the summit conference, *did not involve any demilitarized zone at all.*" [Italics added.] We have unearthed from the files the official text of the speech in which Sir Anthony Eden, then Prime Minister, reported to Commons on July 27, 1955, what he had proposed at the Geneva summit conference the preceding week.

"Finally," said Sir Anthony, "*we also suggested that we should examine the possibility of a wholly demilitarized area between the East and the West to interpose, as it were, something in the nature of a protective pad between the armies facing each other in Europe.*"

Why did Mr. Dulles thus falsify history by denying that Eden suggested a demilitarized zone? Could it be because the Eden proposal infuriated Chancellor Adenauer and our own Pentagon by implying a curb on Germany's remilitarization? Herr Adenauer, who has been visiting Washington this week, is in the midst of an election campaign. One of the strongest planks in his platform is that he, better than any other German, can assure American support for German aspirations. It would not be the first time that Mr. Dulles intervened directly in a West German national election on behalf of his friend, Konrad Adenauer.

## No Qualifications Desired

Our Foreign Service operates, apparently, on two inflexible principles: (1) Never send a qualified man to a foreign post if an unqualified man is available; (2) If by accident Principle (1) is violated, and a qualified man is appointed, remove him as quickly as possible. Thus Scott McLeod is foisted upon Ireland, which doesn't really deserve him; and thus John Moors Cabot, the "best-liked diplomat ever to have served" in Sweden—the quotation is from the *American Swedish Monthly*—is transferred from Stockholm to Colombia.

In his three years of service in Stockholm, Ambassador Cabot endeared himself to the Swedes by proving that the natural habitat of the diplomat is not necessarily the cocktail party. He was more likely to be found in a factory than in a *salon*; repeatedly he toured the country, meeting workingmen at their lathes or

benches, standing up to barrages of undiplomatic questions and making friends for the United States among a section of the population which, for most diplomats, simply does not exist. Employers who at first raised their eyebrows at the spectacle of a foreign Ambassador hobnobbing with workers finally came around to the point where they were enthusiastic participants in these informal meetings.

"It seems illogical to remove Mr. Cabot," the *American Swedish Monthly* complains, "at a time when Russian interests in Scandinavia show every sign of becoming livelier by the day." Illogical to the Swedes, but not to Washington. If the logical place for "Chip" Bohlen, who knows the Russians, is the Philippines, isn't it equally logical that Mr. Cabot, who knows the Swedes, should be sent to Colombia?

## In Defense of Democracy

In our April 20 issue, we reprinted a letter smuggled out of then riot-torn Chile from our Latin American correspondent, Claudio Veliz, foreign editor of *Ultima Hora* of Santiago. "I am writing this note from a friend's house," the letter began, "where I am hiding from police. Last night police and troops attacked our newspaper offices and destroyed our equipment. Three of our men were shot and a dozen seriously injured." Our readers will be happy to know that Mr. Veliz is out of hiding and that *Ultima Hora* is once again appearing daily, albeit printed on the presses of another newspaper. This information comes to us in a letter from Mr. Veliz, who comments:

The staff of *Ultima Hora* joins me in expressing gratitude for all you did for us. . . . Now things are definitely looking better and the change in the government's attitude is due in no small part to the fact that for the first time in many years, the press in the United States and Britain managed to report what was really happening here. President Ibanez knows that the curtain of silence is no longer there and that he can't get away with anything he wishes as he used to in the old days.

But if Santiago's streets are again quiet and the Ibanez regime, under the pressure of domestic resistance and world opinion, has given up the more violent forms of repression, it would be over-optimistic to report that democracy has returned to Chile. The government's Tribunal for the Congressional Election of March 3, a reviewing body, has just disqualified four victorious Popular Front candidates on the ground that they are Communists. Two of those disqualified had been under attack from within the Popular Front itself as right-wing Socialists too moderate in their views to represent the left-wing coalition.

A final ironic note: the Tribunal operates under Chile's Law for the Permanent Defense of Democracy.

# THE MISSILE ERA

THE MISSILE era has come upon us so suddenly that one can almost fix the date of its inception: November 5, 1956, the day the Soviet Union threatened Britain and France with a rocket attack unless the Suez adventure was abandoned. Overnight a vast new industrial complex devoted to the production of missiles and rockets has come into being. But already many military experts point up the possibility that it will not be long before missiles to defeat missiles will be devised. And the missiles era, of course, is merely a phase in the race to dominate the strategic space beyond the earth's atmosphere.

The two articles that follow, describing the inception of the missile phase and outlining its immediate diplomatic impact, should serve to focus attention on the predictable pattern of the new weapons cycle. Certain recurrent terms suggest the nature of the cycle. An initial technological *breakthrough* leads to a *crash program* which is invariably billed as a race against time to avert national catastrophe. In each instance the public is told that the crash program will produce the *ulti-*

*mate weapon* which, once perfected, tested and stockpiled, will give us a *position of strength* from which we can negotiate the settlement we seek. In the meantime, it is suggested that negotiation would be ill-advised since more advantageous terms might be obtained once the new weapon is perfected. But no sooner is the position of strength attained than it proves to be a mirage, for by that time "the enemy," spurred on by his fear of the latest increment to our power, comes up with the self-same "ultimate weapon." A momentary *stalemate* then ensues which usually prompts renewed talk of the possibility of settlement through negotiation. But before negotiation can yield significant results, a new breakthrough is achieved which in turn makes the latest "ultimate weapon" obsolete and sets in motion a new cycle which in due time repeats the pattern.

"The ultimate weapon," of course, is a fantasy. First it was the A-bomb, then the H-bomb, then the globe-circling bomber with H-bomb load, now it is the ICBM, and beyond the ICBM it is possible to discern the shadowy outline of the H-bomb-

atom-powered-intercontinental-missile-radar-directed-non-interceptible-gadget - of - ultimate - destructiveness which, one day soon, will be described with frightening overtones. But the ultimate weapon will never be obtained because it is quite impossible to place a limit on man's ingenuity in devising instruments of destruction. A real breakthrough in human affairs might be obtained, however, if man's creative capacity could be harnessed to the task of attaining peace rather than to the mirage of devising an ultimate weapon to win a war. But the nation's best energies cannot be devoted to the task of peace as long as policy is dominated and directed by a revolutionary military technology; weapons must not be permitted to dictate strategy. Currently a runaway military technology dictates the size and shape of the budget, distorts the economy, fashions diplomacy, determines policy. The first corrective is to demolish the myth of ultimate weapons. Once rid of this fantasy, we might be able to concentrate on the fashioning of a policy aimed at the achievement of a just and durable peace.

THE EDITORS.

## 1. Bull Market for Missiles . . by Vern Haugland

SEVEN YEARS ago, just before the outbreak of the Korean war, the United States was spending only 1 per cent of its defense budget on missiles. By 1954 this had shot up to 14 per cent; in 1956, it had risen to more than 21 per cent. Soon this swift-growing and expensive offspring of the aircraft industry will be gobbling up greater hunks of the defense dollar than its parent.

The missile and rocket industry is itself changing constantly, with some

VERN HAUGLAND, aviation editor of the Associated Press, is the author of *The AAF Against Japan* and is now at work on *Big Men of the Sky*, scheduled for 1958 publication.

segments outpacing others in growth and in demands upon the national budget. In the early years, the emphasis was on guided missiles; the prospects of developing a satisfactory ballistic missile with intercontinental range appeared dim. The picture changed abruptly in 1953 and 1954, when one of science's major "breakthroughs" pointed the way to development of a thermonuclear warhead of moderate bulk. This new type of hydrogen weapon, vastly more efficient than the early atomic bombs, could be carried in the nose of a ballistic missile and thus would make development of such a missile worth the cost.

The result was the establishment by the Air Force of the Air Re-

search and Development Command of the Western Development Division (WDD), at Inglewood, California, to develop ballistic missiles. In 1955, President Eisenhower assigned the "highest national program priority" to the project. Now it has far outstripped in size the Manhattan atom-bomb project of World War II.

WDD is commanded by Maj. Gen. Bernard A. (Ben) Schriever. Currently the program embraces two intercontinental ballistic missile (ICBM) projects, Atlas and Titan, and one of intermediate range (IRBM), the Thor. More recently the Air Force has been ordered by Defense Secretary Wilson to take over the Army's IRBM Jupiter

development. The Navy disclosed this year that it is developing its own IRBM, the Polaris.

The IRBM category includes missiles with a range up to 1,500 miles. Beyond that the weapons rank as ICBMs, some with a striking range of 5,000 miles or more. Unlike guided missiles, which are powered by air-breathing jet or ramjet engines and hence can operate only within the earth's atmosphere, ballistic missiles function most efficiently above the atmosphere, where they can attain speeds of 8,000 to 12,000 miles an hour—ten to fifteen times the speed of sound. Essentially unguided, the ICBMs and IRBMs will follow an arched ballistic course, like that of a tossed stone, to the target.

The Aircraft Industries Association (A.I.A.) reports that of the Defense Department's procurement total of \$124,348,916,000 in the eight years ending June 30, 1958, aircraft orders accounted for 49.6 per cent and missile obligations came to 8.2 per cent. During the 1955-58 period, however, aircraft orders accounted for 51.2 per cent and missiles for 16½ per cent.

In the fiscal year ending June 30, 1951, missile-spending in the Army amounted to less than half of 1 per cent of expenditures; in the Navy, a little under 2 per cent; in the Air Force, 1.3 per cent. But for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1958, the Army will spend 49 per cent of its procurement for missiles, the Navy 11 per cent and the Air Force 19 per cent.

"Nobody will stick his neck out

and say how far missiles will supplant manned aircraft," said Air Force Lt. Gen. James F. Phillips (retired), senior coordinator of the A.I.A. guided-missile committee. "Probably between 1961 and 1962 half the Air Force wings will be guided-missile wings or will include guided missiles. The Army says it will have no tactical aircraft, only tactical missiles. All the major aircraft companies are showing greater growth in missile programming than in aircraft. Some companies are setting up their own missile divisions. All is in a state of confusion."

Phillips points out that the ideal missile plant differs considerably from the conventional aircraft plant, particularly in requiring more air-conditioning and dust-proofing, and more equipment for testing all along the line.

Major General David H. Baker, Air Force procurement officer, says: "The guided missile has so reduced the importance of airframe weight as compared to electronic-control and propulsion items that the old efficiency-measuring devices have become somewhat obsolete. As we move further into the missiles era, we will need newer and more accurate types of machine tools, even for our newer and faster manned aircraft. More important, it is probable that new buildings will be required to provide missile-development and production facilities in areas where missiles can be tested. And some of our older aircraft plants

have not proved adaptable to missile production and have been replaced with more modern plants.

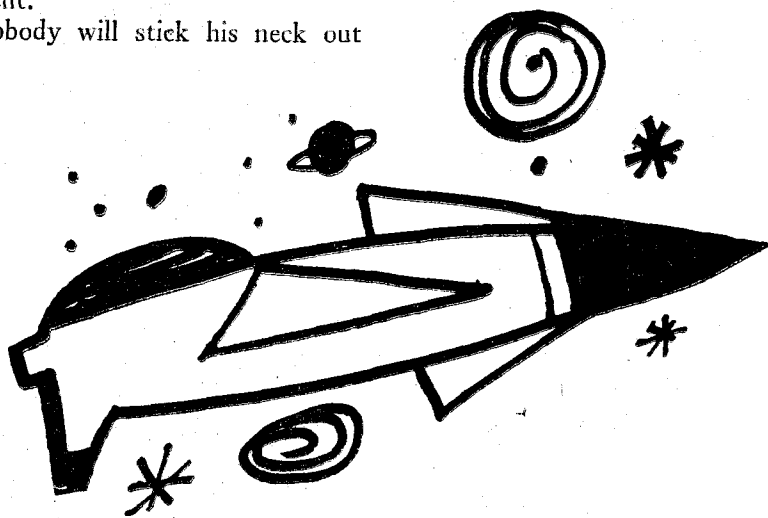
"If new plants are deemed necessary, the industry must plan to dispose of existing aircraft plants; otherwise we will find ourselves 'over-facilitized.' In such an event, the high cost of maintaining and operating present aircraft plants at a low level of production would strain the budget and an increasing percentage of taxpayers' and industry's funds would be going into non-productive overhead."

COMPANIES widely scattered throughout the United States are mushrooming in the wake of the rocket and missile industry's rise. The ICBM-IRBM programs administered by General Schriever and WDD alone involve sixteen principal contractors in nineteen major locations, supported by more than 200 major subcontractors. The key contractors alone employ more than 75,000 people in direct support of the program, compared with only 7,000 a year ago. Population growth in the area of missile-test centers such as Patrick Air Force Base, Florida, and Alamogordo, New Mexico, have been fantastic.

The pioneer in the ICBM field, Convair Division of General Dynamic Corp., has started building a \$40,000,000 plant near San Diego for construction of the Atlas. Convair also is producing the supersonic Terrier, surface-to-air guided missile, in quantity for the Navy.

The Martin Company of Baltimore reported that at the start of 1957 more than half its \$810,000,000 contract backlog was in missiles. In 1956, Martin started construction of a huge plant near Denver for the production of the Titan ICBM. At a new plant in Orlando, Florida, the company is producing the LaCrosse surface-to-surface guided missile for the Army. Martin also is the prime contractor in the design and construction of the three-stage rocket which will put the earth satellite into its orbit.

Donald W. Douglas, president of the Douglas Aircraft Co., said in his recent annual report to stockholders: "... An increasingly high percent-



June 1, 1957

age of Douglas military effort is now devoted to the design, development and production of guided missiles and their supporting components. That this percentage will continue to mount at an accelerated pace seems certain. . . . Our missiles sales to the three services in 1956 totaled \$140,000,000, a figure of arresting and timely significance." Douglas more than doubled the size of its missiles-engineering department in the past year. The company said its production of the airframe for the Thor IRBM was its outstanding accomplishment of the year, but added that Thor was only one of eight major missile projects in its program.

THE missile-system division of Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, Burbank, California, more than doubled its sales last year to a new high of \$52,700,000, and forecast a 50 per cent increase for 1957. The plant area of the missile division now in use or under construction has increased 90 per cent since 1955, and by the end of this year it will be operating \$30,000,000 worth of facilities and equipment in its three California locations. Employment in the division almost doubled in 1956; it is now four times as large as that of the entire company twenty years ago. The division's sales equal in dollar volume those of the *entire aircraft industry* twenty years ago.

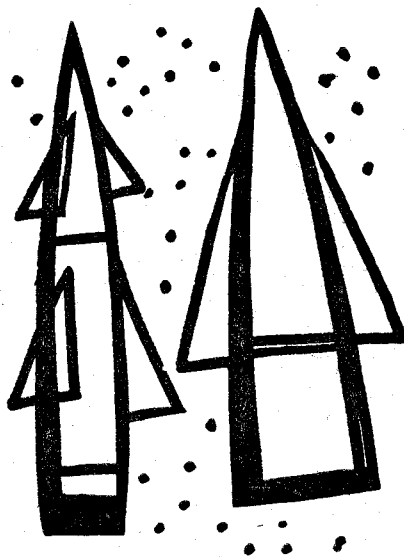
Lockheed is at work on a dozen major and several minor missile programs, only three of which it has been allowed to announce. One is the Polaris, the Navy's ship-launched 1,500-mile-range Polaris IRBM. The second, the X-7 supersonic ramjet test missile, has been produced "by the dozens" and has been launched many times. The missile, costing around \$350,000, is recovered by parachute to fly again. The third is the X-17, a hypersonic ballistic rocket to study heat and friction problems that IRBMs encounter in reentering the earth's atmosphere.

Boeing Airplane Company is building the Bomarc surface-to-air missile, Northrop Aircraft the Snark surface-to-surface intercontinental guided missile. McDonnell Aircraft Corporation has two missile programs under way for the Navy, in-

cluding the Talos, and two for the Air Force. Its missile contract backlog of more than \$34,000,000 has increased 126½ per cent since June, 1955, and employment in its missile-engineering division has increased almost 50 per cent.

Bell Aircraft Corporation's missile programs have become so extensive that its main plant at Buffalo, N.Y., is devoted exclusively to Air Force and Navy projects in this field. Among nine missiles on which Bell has been either a prime contractor or a supplier of parts in the last decade, the major effort has been directed toward the GAM-63 Rascal, an air-to-ground strategic missile designed to be carried aloft by long-range bombers.

North American Aviation, Inc., is famous for its supersonic 5,000-mile-range ramjet-powered, rocket-boosted SM-64 Navaho cruise-type missile and for the jet-powered supersonic X-10 recoverable test vehicle. North America's Rocketdyne division more than doubled in size last year, and now employs more than 10,000 persons at its main plant in Canoga Park, California, its propulsion field laboratory in the nearby Santa Susana mountains, and at its recently completed production plant in Neosho, Missouri. The nation's leading producer of high-thrust rocket engines, Rocketdyne is manufacturing rocket-power plants for the Atlas, Titan and Thor, for the Army mid-range Redstone ballistic missile, for the Army-Air Force Jupiter IRBM, and for the Navaho.



A giant of the rocket-engine industry, along with Rocketdyne, is Aerojet-General Corp. of Azusa, California, a subsidiary of General Tire and Rubber Company. Aerojet is the leading producer of JATO—auxiliary power units that get their name from "jet-assisted takeoff"—and is building rocket engines of from 60,000 to 300,000 pounds of thrust for the Titan "and other large missiles of intercontinental or intermediate range." The company's sales have increased from \$2,500,000 in 1946 to more than \$70,000,000 last year. Former Navy Secretary Dan Kimball, Aerojet president, said the company increased its total of engineers last year from 1,200 to 2,000.

Reaction Motors, Inc., which calls itself "America's first rocket-engine company," recently consolidated its former installations at Rockaway and Lake Denmark, N.J., in a new \$4,000,000 plant at Denville, N.J. Its main test area at Lake Denmark has been improved and expanded. The company enjoyed sales of \$7,500,000 in 1955 and \$16,193,000 in 1956. General Electric Company built the first-stage rocket for Project Vanguard. Sperry Rand Corporation built the Sparrow air-to-air missile for the Navy, and Sperry's Ford Instrument Company division manufactures launching computers for the Terrier and Tartar missiles and for Navy rockets. Thiokol Chemical Corp., Trenton, N.J., a specialist in rocket-fuel development, also builds rocket engines for test missiles of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics. Dozens of other firms are becoming active in the expanding missile field.

THE requirement that missiles be reliable despite their extreme complexity leads inevitably to high costs. But Schriever and his associates at WDD believe that ballistic missiles, particularly, will reduce defense costs eventually. They say that each Atlas will cost less than a million dollars—about an eighth as much as a B-52 heavy bomber—and that when the U.S. has an arsenal of ICBMs there will be little need for further expensive bases overseas.

*The NATION*

But the services themselves disagree sharply as to policy on missile production. The Army and the Navy Bureau of Ordnance favor standardization on a few of the most satisfactory missile types so that the cost economies of mass production may be realized. They would like to see the missiles stockpiled in considerable quantities, ready for immediate use in the event of sudden hostilities. Lined up against them are the Air Force and the Navy Bureau of

Aeronautics, which argue that the U.S. must try always to have the best air weapons, not merely the most. They say that the missile obsolescence rate is so great that overreliance on stockpiles would be a grave national mistake.

In the middle, with an eye on military trends, is an alert aircraft industry. An industry spokesman, Admiral DeWitt C. Ramsey (retired), until recently president of the A.I.A., says:

"It appears that in the years to come, guided missiles will represent an ever-growing proportion of the aircraft industry's research, development, production and sales activities. For the next decade at least the missile will supplement and complement piloted aircraft, but it is highly unlikely that any important military aviation activities will be completely taken over by unmanned aircraft during the period."

Pilots are not yet obsolescent.

## 2. Missiles Guide Diplomacy . . by *Frederic W. Collins*

*Washington*  
THERE SHOULD be an axiom, if there isn't, that new weapons bring new diplomacy. As the world ventures into the era of missiles, diplomacy must bestir itself to keep abreast.

In the present stage of evolution toward medium-range and, ultimately, intercontinental weapons, the attendant diplomacy is being conducted in two fields. In one, each side is trying to prevent the other from establishing launching sites within menacing range. In the second field, the purpose is to assure that the launching sites, even if established, will never be used.

The development and deployment of missiles is sufficiently advanced and has gathered such momentum that it seems unlikely the establishment of launching sites can be prevented. In this field, then, the objective of diplomacy becomes more limited, i.e., to seek assurances that the sites will not be used for surprise attack.

The other field involves the long diplomatic processes leading toward disarmament. Here the long-range Washington estimate on prospects is that at the end of ten years the outcome will have been either disarmament or war. The alternative of permanent stalemate is dismissed, or at least minimized.

If present forecasts hold, the first

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*June 1, 1957*

period of the missile era—that of the intermediate-range missile—will be one of strategic imbalance adverse to the Soviet Union. The theory is that with forward bases in Europe, the United States will be able to reach the centers of Soviet power, while the Soviet Union, lacking forward bases, will not be able to use the intermediate-range missile against the comparable centers of American power.

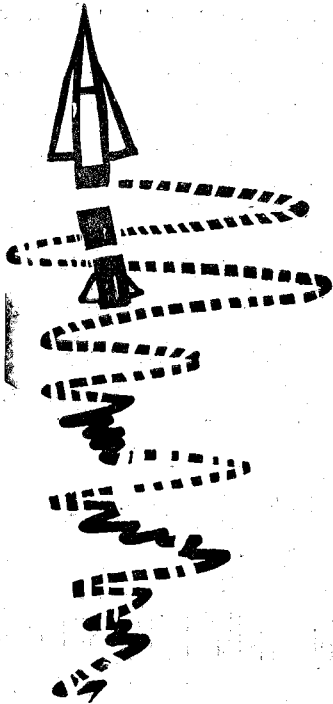
IT MIGHT be argued that during this period, with the West speaking from such a "position of strength" as Mr. Acheson could hardly have dreamed of, great opportunity exists for negotiating outstanding issues with the Soviet Union. Unfortunately, history argues the other way. During the last period of imbalance, when the United States had an atomic-bomb monopoly, negotiations were not possible for the simple reason that Soviet power was in Stalin's hands, and he was not having any. It can be said all but conclusively that a similar situation exists today vis-a-vis the collective regime in Moscow, and there is little reason to suppose it will not persist into the period of intermediate missiles. Mr. Khrushchev, talking recently to Turner Catledge of *The New York Times*, suggested top-level conferences on general relaxation of tensions, on nuclear bombs and on armaments. But he excluded from the agenda the questions of German unification and satellite liberation. As the proposal is read in

Washington, the Soviet price for relaxation of tensions and disarmament is that the United States sell Europe down the Elba. This is a price Washington is unwilling to pay.

The second period of the missile era will usher in the intercontinental missile, which needs no forward bases. With its advent, the strategic imbalance will disappear and a new stalemate be established. In the Washington analysis, the rational Soviet procedure is to play for that day, which would open a period not unlike the stalemate of strategic air power from which we are now passing, except that so far as anyone now knows it would be stalemate at the maximum level of terror—the last stalemate. Presumably the world would then be forced to resort to politics for the solution of its problems; in the final extension of the aphorism, diplomacy would become a continuation of war by other means.

In the nascent diplomacy of the intermediate-missile phase, the Soviet Union and the United States have been following different methods toward the same practical end: protection against surprise missile assault. For the Soviet Union, this has meant an effort—unavailing, so far—to frighten its neighbors out of becoming hosts for missile sites. The United States, in its turn, has been urging "aerial inspection" to uncover "potential launching sites which might be used in an atomic war" (Dulles, May 14 press conference).

The Soviet Union began its cam-



paign with its rocket-rattling broadcast of last autumn, at the time of the Anglo-French-Israeli invasion of Egypt. After a pause, the theme of devastation-by-missile was repeated in notes or broadcasts to nations all along the Soviet perimeter, beginning with Norway and extending around the arc deep into the Middle East. A mixture of courtship and terror, the communications made plain that, in the event of war, the Soviet Union would visit total destruction upon nations which had permitted themselves to be used as forward bases: West Germany would become an "atomic cemetery"; Norway would suffer "catastrophe"; Holland would be devastated by a hydrogen blast on a pinpointed area embracing Amsterdam, The Hague, Utrecht and other towns. As an emphatic counterpoint to its rhetoric, the Soviet Union set off a series of nuclear explosions.

Western reaction displayed firmness, but little finesse. There appears to have been a minimum of United States leadership; rather, Washington trusted its allies to make the proper responses—and they did so. Early last month the Soviet "first round" ended in failure as the North Atlantic Council declared from Bonn that NATO would employ the most modern arms needed

for its defenses—which meant atomic weapons up to and including missiles.

At the outset of this Soviet campaign, and more particularly on the occasion of the Kremlin's stern note of warning to Norway, American analysts had some apprehension that the Soviet Union was in a really dangerous flap. The West has been—and is—pressing the cold war with an almost total disregard of Soviet sensibilities. Active steps toward the deployment of atomic missiles around the world—for example, the shipping of Matadors to Formosa—have been part of a Western reinforcement of the ring around the USSR. Other instances: the effort of the British and French to re-establish their military power in the Middle East; American adherence to the military committee of the Baghdad Pact; the Western play for Poland in the wake of its uprising; the Washington decision to send jets to Tito; the visit of NATO defense ministers to Washington on a missiles-shopping trip; the Anglo-American guided-missiles agreement reached at Bermuda.

AS EACH of these steps was taken, American evaluation had to take into account the possibility that the Soviet Union, looking forward realistically to a period of strategic imbalance against it, might fall victim to the bewitching logic of preventive war. Therefore Washington had to consider, at each stage, the possibility that the Kremlin might be about to "panic out" or "panic forward" (both phrases were used here). The analysis led to the judgment that the Kremlin's violent verbal reaction to the West's missile program could be considered normal diplomatic behavior, under the circumstances. While it was acknowledged here that the Soviet Union might be acting partly out of genuine fear, the feeling was that its primary purpose was to prevent, if possible, the establishment of missile sites close to its borders. This purpose, so Washington reasoned, reflected Soviet concern with the West's military *capabilities* rather than its *intentions*. For the rest, analysts here decided that the Soviet Union was engaged once again in trying to dis-

rupt the Western alliance for other than strictly military purposes, to impair morale among the Western peoples and, in the words of the North Atlantic Council communiqué, to throw "the cloak of oblivion over Soviet repression in Hungary."

What, then, of the danger that the Russians might launch a preventive war? State Department experts discounted the possibility. They reasoned that the Soviet, looking forward to an eventual intercontinental stalemate, would do nothing to interrupt the progress of the missile race toward that goal. In other words, the logic of preventive war, it was thought, could hardly prevail against the logical possibility that war might ultimately prevent itself.

This line of reasoning assumes, of course, that the Soviet Union is convinced—whatever it may say publicly—that the United States system of military alliances is not aggressive in purpose. There must always be at least a flicker of doubt as to the inner Soviet attitude. Mr. Khrushchev told Mr. Catledge that aggressive intent on the part of the United States and its allies is an "indisputable fact." When one contemplates Soviet political intelligence operations in the field—as for example, in Washington—one necessarily worries about the validity of the intelligence and, hence, about the validity of the judgments.

In passing, it is worth noting that the Kremlin is already aware that an election will occur in 1960 which will put someone other than Mr. Eisenhower in the White House. Unquestionably, the Soviet leaders feel reasonably safe with Mr. Eisenhower; they think they know what he is going to do next. But when one considers the kind of information Moscow may be getting on Eisenhower's possible successors and the effects this information could have on Soviet policy, there is some ground for apprehension. Thus the 1960 election becomes, in a sense, an important—and an uncontrollable—factor in the diplomacy of the intermediate-missile era.

On the United States side there is a settled conclusion, for the time being, that the Soviet Union does not want war. However, on both

*The NATION*

sides there is a lurking fear (at least Washington hypothesizes that the fear exists on the Soviet side) that someone may blunder and that a small war may mushroom (in the awful megaton connotations of the word). On both sides, therefore, diplomacy aims at avoiding direct confrontations, or even confrontations by proxy in degrees too close for comfort. And on the American side there is a fixed procedure for reassuring the Soviets now and again. Both Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles did this explicitly in speeches last fall after the uprisings in Poland and Hungary. Mr. Dulles did it again in a speech on April 22.

AS FOR the disarmament talks now proceeding in London, all signs suggest that at present the stakes are limited. If it could be considered that here was the first curve of a broadening spiral of accomplishment, there would be more ground for hope. But the current Washington judgment is that, with one possible exception, no issues with the Soviet Union outside of those directly encompassed in the talks are really subject to fruitful discussion. The exception is the proposal for new Big Two or Big Four talks advanced by Mr. Khrushchev in his conversation with Mr. Catledge—a proposal

which was taken seriously here. The possibility of a four-power conference (the United States would consider nothing else) in the fall, or better, in the spring, must therefore be recognized.

It is unfortunate that too much optimism developed too early around the London negotiations. The chief error seems to have been in overestimating the pressure of the armaments race on the Soviet economy. But today there is less conviction in the West that the seemingly reasonable Soviet attitude will prove to be genuine and enduring.

Mr. Eisenhower dearly wants progress toward disarmament, the great purpose of his second term. The United States as a whole wants relief in some measure from arms costs. And it devoutly wishes protection against surprise attack at some future time. For these things, Washington was ready to pay a price: granting some relief to the Soviets from the strain of armaments, and a review of its own defensive facilities in the far North.

On its side, the Soviet Union was ready to pay a price to free men from armed service and unproductive arms-building. It would itself welcome protection from surprise attack. But there is no certainty that these motivations are enough to car-

ry it to concrete agreement. The one solid fact emerging from the negotiations so far is that agreement has been reached in principle on aerial inspection.

Soviet diplomacy could win a net advantage by professing agreement on disarmament, which would almost certainly have as a quick and direct result a weakening of the North Atlantic Alliance. And by seeming to be reasonable in London, Soviet diplomacy might succeed in blurring to some extent the memories of the performance in Hungary. So, for a divisive purpose with respect to Europe, and for tactical reasons with respect to Hungary, the Soviet attitude might well be one which could generate essentially false hopes on this side.

Although a desire to obtain assurance that the long-range missiles will never be used may rationally be imputed to the Soviet Union, and may be considered to be a thread in the fabric of Soviet policy, it must be conceded that, on hard evidence, Soviet diplomacy has not gone seriously and whole-heartedly to work on the problem. If prophecies of doom are not yet justified, neither are prophecies of release from the threat now being prepared in the laboratories, the factories and the test sites.

## "GIVE US THE VOTE!... by Dan Wakefield

*Washington*  
ADAM CLAYTON POWELL, the preacher-Congressman from New York City's Harlem district, stood at the pulpit-like platform atop the steps of the Lincoln Memorial on May 17 and told the thousands of Negroes massed below him who had come to the nation's capital on a "pilgrimage of prayer" for civil rights:

If Eisenhower won't speak, God will speak; if Nixon won't speak, God will speak; if Knowland won't

speak, God will speak; if Rayburn won't speak, God will speak.

There was little applause, for the leaders of the pilgrimage had asked that applause be withheld "because of the religious nature of this program"; but out across the crowd that pressed at the foot of the Memorial steps and flared out into the park on each side, a wave of white handkerchiefs and programs fanned the air and a low, spontaneous chorus of "Ah-mens" sounded at the end of each phrase. The restraint was immense, for the passion was immense, and the recurrent deep choruses that rose through the after-

noon seemed far more powerful than full-force yells and applause that have come from crowds ten times as large. There was the feeling that if God preferred the silence of Eisenhower, Nixon, Knowland and Rayburn, these people had the voice to speak themselves.

It was the third anniversary of the Supreme Court decision outlawing segregation, and the assembled pilgrims had learned that their nation's highest leaders were hesitant to talk in specific terms about the implementation of the ruling. They had learned that when those leaders did speak it was either in pious

DAN WAKEFIELD is a staff contributor.

June 1, 1957

477

generalities or with buoyant attention to the "bright side," as demonstrated the very day of their assemblage in a message sent by Eisenhower to a "human relations conference" at the University of Maryland:

Through the schools and colleges of our land much progress is being made in lessening tensions and in advancing the spirit of goodwill among our people. This is the result of the splendid work of educators and all responsible citizens who are meeting the daily problems of human relations with intelligence, courage, and mutual respect. This is the American way.

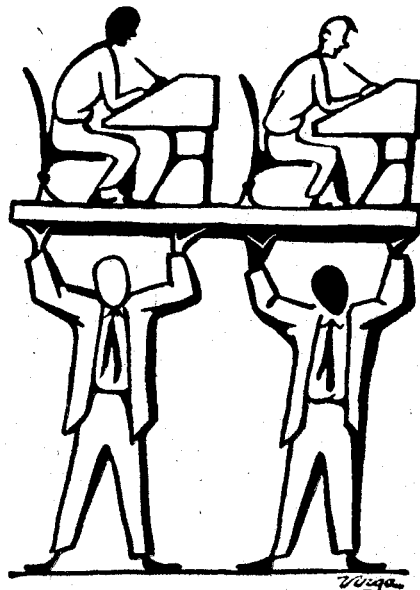
But many of the pilgrims at the Lincoln Memorial, and thousands of their brothers, are going through experiences classified as other than examples of "The American Way." The leaders of the pilgrimage, in asking that Negroes assemble in Washington to "arouse the conscience of the nation" on the matter of civil rights, had cited these grim statistics that seem to be drawn from some other world than the one discussed in the President's summary:

On the public-school question, nine states and the District of Columbia have either completed desegregation or have made a beginning. But eight states have defied the nation's highest court. . . . In these states privately organized groups have exerted economic pressure upon Negro citizens who have simply asked obedience to the Supreme Court. Men and women have been refused credit and goods. Farmers have been denied loans. . . . The law-enforcement agencies of these states have permitted violence to be visited upon individuals and institutions which oppose segregation. Ministers have been arrested, threatened and shot. Churches and homes have been bombed. School children have been threatened by mobs.

These were the accumulated experiences that brought the pilgrims to the place of their legal release from discrimination. The leaders of the pilgrimage had hoped for 50,000, and the Southern white press had hoped that the whole thing was an illusion that wouldn't occur at all. There was no official estimate of the crowd, but the guesses ranged from 15,000 (by the Washington police

officer in charge of parks) to 27,000 (by the leaders of the march); it would probably be reasonable to figure that about 20,000 actually were there. The only issue of real passion alive in the country today is reflected in the outraged human dignity that brought these travelers to Washington; by contrast, Billy Graham's revivals almost seem to be a process of salvation by boredom.

But although our Negro citizens are not themselves afflicted with apathy, they are victims of our other current national disease—schizophrenia. The law says one thing, and half our people do another. Our lead-



ers say one thing, and mean another. When the Reverend William H. Borders of the Wheat Street Baptist Church of Atlanta, Georgia, walked to the microphone following the speech of President Mordecai Johnson of Howard University, he had to explain to his audience that "Dr. Johnson has reported on the Constitution. I shall report on Georgia." The Reverend Borders told how he and five other Negro ministers rode in the front of a bus on January 7 and were put in jail. He told how the segregation laws of the Southern states were made by whites who had the votes, and that those laws were aimed "to blow out the light in our brain and the spark in our heart." He told how he had flown around the world, and in all the countries he was in he was never segregated because of his color except in the

South in the United States of America. He told about his two sons in medical school who had to go out of their native state because Negroes can't go to the Georgia state schools. He said: "I pay my taxes in Georgia and my father paid his taxes in Georgia and his father paid his taxes in Georgia, and Georgia hasn't educated a single Negro doctor in 25 years."

"We have been subjected to 244 years of the most abominable slavery in history," the Reverend Borders said, "and we have given our blood in every war," and a low and awful "Yes" surged up from the crowd. And then there was C. K. Steele of the Bethel Baptist Church of Tallahassee, Florida, asking "goodwill for your enemies—pity and compassion," and the Reverend F. L. Shuttleworth of Birmingham, Alabama, whose neighbors' homes and churches have been destroyed by bombs, saying "No man can make us hate, and no man can make us afraid."

AND SOMEWHERE in the same city sat the President of the United States, whose official acts of the day as reported by *The New York Times* consisted of appointing Earl E. T. Smith as ambassador to Cuba and leaving to spend the weekend at Gettysburg; and presumably he will never know how the air waved with handkerchiefs and paper programs like a living thing in Lincoln Memorial park when Congressman Charles Diggs of Michigan looked upon the pilgrims and said that "the President of the United States must raise the curtain of silence surrounding the White House."

But perhaps if not in compassion, the understanding will come in practical politics to the White House, for this meeting of prayer was reminded by Mrs. Irene Gaines, president of the National Association of Colored Women, that "prayer is sterile unless accompanied by good works and good faith," and Congressman Diggs said, "Those of you here today who will only pray and shout might as well have stayed at home or at the family altar. . . . There is strength in our numbers," he said, and now unity and leader-

ship are needed and political action: "There is time—but none to spare."

Adam Clayton Powell, who has the talent, as one of his constituents in the audience described it, of "saying what's on your mind," was even more specific. "We are here at the Lincoln Memorial," he said, "because we're getting more from a dead Republican than any alive Republican or Democrat . . . We have 'bipartisan discrimination'." Congressman Powell told how he called Paul Butler not long ago to ask that civil rights be mentioned in the new Democratic statement of policy and now the statement was out and civil rights wasn't in it, though Tidelands Oil and Hell's Canyon and the natural-gas bill were in it, and then he exercised that talent for "saying what's on your mind" and cried, "I don't give a tinker's damn about Tidelands Oil, and neither do you! We're concerned about decent civil rights!"

And perhaps Paul Butler will be more concerned with civil rights when he learns how the audience responded to Powell's suggestion that "I'm sick and tired of Democrat and Republican hypocrisy. We Negroes need a third force—non-racial, but led by Negro Christians. . . . We'll go forward with unity based on passive resistance . . . we'll use the boycott, the picket, the strike, and we'll bring bigotry to an end."

The crowd was alive to the message, and even cheers broke out,

and when Powell was through, Philip Randolph was introducing the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr., the leader of the Montgomery bus boycott, and all the crowd was on its feet, the women who had taken off their shoes and relaxed on the steps and the man who had wandered down by the long, thin pond that stretches to the Washington Monument. The crowd was on its feet to this man who has become their symbol and the place was in silence.

Martin Luther King spoke slowly, explaining:

Our most urgent request to Eisenhower and to Congress is to give us the right to vote. Give us the ballot and we will no longer plead—we will write the proper laws on the books. Give us the ballot and we will fill the legislature with men of good will. Give us the ballot and we will get the people judges who love mercy. Give us the ballot and we will quietly, lawfully, implement the May 17, 1954, decision of the Supreme Court. . . . We often look to Washington in vain. There is a high blood pressure of words there and an anemia of deeds.

And then the Rev. King, Jr., twenty-eight, of Montgomery, Alabama, spoke to the crowd with the words that had led his own people at home through the year of the boycott and bombings, and the crowd leaned forward toward him as he said, "We must never be bitter—if we indulge in hate, the new order will only be the old order. . . . We



must meet hate with love, physical force with soul force."

And he asked them to go back with faith to their states and homes, and to remember that things would be difficult and they would be tried, but that "It is always difficult to get out of Egypt."

In the power and the dignity it was almost possible to forget the shame and the sorrow—the young Negro from Boston distributing leaflets entitled *Segregation: America's Democratic Disgrace*, who was asked what he thought about the pilgrimage and who heavily shook his head and said, "You know, it's strange, to come upon a scene like this and hear these speeches about what's happening and realize it's in America, happening in America. The pilgrimage is fine, I suppose, now that we're here. But it just shouldn't be necessary."

## POLITICS, PROTECTION and FISH . . Fred J. Cook

JOSEPH (SOCKS) LANZA, the racket boss of New York's huge Fulton Fish Market, is living proof that muscle builds millions, defies laws and prison, and rules vast segments of the American economy. His case demonstrates once again that the power of the underworld reaches to the seats of the mighty and that, even when sad mischance brings

about the imprisonment of a gangster czar, his empire goes on and on and on.

Lanza supposedly was de-fanged back in the mid-1930s when the federal government convicted him on the charge that his extensive activities—like Standard Oil in the old days—violated the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. He was de-fanged a second time in 1943 by District Attorney Frank S. Hogan and packed away for seven and a half to fifteen years as a multi-

million-dollar extortionist. Placed on parole in 1950—naturally, such a model citizen would be required to serve only minimum time—Lanza supposedly was inhibited from flexing the muscles that had brought him Brooks Brothers suits and made him a star of the night-club circuit.

The restrictions of parole—"pure" associations, regular working hours, a scale of living restricted to the bounds of honest cash—all of these, it now becomes clear, were not for

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June 1, 1957

Lanza. He was picked up February 5 of this year for violating every parole provision in the book, but fourteen days later he was returned to his status as exemplary citizen despite the unanimous recommendation of parole officers that the place for him was definitely a restricted patch of concrete behind bars.

This final flip of Lanza's magic wand erupted into a scandal that has had New York State in a righteous froth for two months. After a number of cautious private probings, a public exposé was decided upon by the legislature's so-called watchdog committee, dominated by Republicans, who hope to show that the Democrats had put in "the fix."

While this strictly partisan aspiration makes headlines in the hopeful press, the Lanza hearings have provided once again a startling insight into the mechanics of modern American society — a society in which, ever since the days of Prohibition, the bosses of the underworld have been able to call their shots.

A square-jawed, tough-talking parole officer, Abe Simon, put the issue squarely into focus in closed-session testimony before the watchdog committee. "The market should be called Lanza's Fish Market," Simon told the probers bluntly. "Fulton Fish Market is a misnomer."

Simon and other parole officers explained that, despite the occasional triumphs of the law, despite the inconvenience of spending time in stir, Lanza had never ceased to be the unchallenged czar of the whole lower East Side area, where fishing boats rock at the wharves, their stubby masts making a waving forest reminiscent of Gloucester.

SUCH IS the quality of muscle. It is a quality that has been demonstrated time and again in New York State. Notably there was the case of Charles (Lucky) Luciano, unquestionably the No. 1 boss of the underworld when Thomas E. Dewey, racket-busting his way to the threshold of the Presidency, put him in jail for thirty to fifty years. Prison bars, it was later disclosed, didn't keep Luciano from holding gangster court with such underworld bosses as Frank Costello, Meyer Lansky,

Willie Moretti and Socks Lanza. Nor did Luciano's pre-eminence in the underworld deter Governor Dewey from setting him free in early 1946 on the pretext that Luciano had been a noble patriot who helped the war effort and that, anyway, he was being deported. Luciano promptly demonstrated his devotion to democracy by becoming, according to the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, the mastermind of the international narcotics racket.

More recently there was the case of Joe Fay, rackets boss of the operating-engineers union. Fay lost his liberty for committing the indiscretion of shaking down contractors on New York City's Delaware Aqueduct project. He, too, held court in prison. Disclosures made during the harness-track racing scandal in 1953 showed that union deputies conferred with him, high politicians visited him and business men and politicians wrote glowing letters devoted to cataloguing the outstanding virtues of Joe Fay.

SOCKS LANZA stands only as the latest exhibition in the gallery of musclemen who have demonstrated the virtues of crude strength over Phi Beta Kappa intellects. If Lanza is at all distinguished, it is by the fact that he has shown just how much weight can be thrown around in high circles by a two-bit thug ruling a limited, district empire.

For Socks Lanza, while he has always been a sharpie at forging the right connections, has never extended himself on a national scale like Costello. Like a robber baron of old, he has stuck strictly to his own demesne—the fish market and the boats and the trucks and the businesses there.

The Fulton Fish Market, located at the foot of Fulton Street on Manhattan's lower East Side, no longer boasts the tremendous fishing fleet it once had, but it is steadily growing in importance as a wholesale center. Of the 158,900,000 tons of fish and shellfish which passed through the market in 1956, only 11,500,000 tons were unloaded from vessels. The rest—some 147,400,000 tons—were brought by truck and railway from other East Coast fish-

ing centers. On this subject, the federal Fish and Wildlife Service reports:

Over the course of the ten-year period 1944-1953, the truck transport of fishery products into New York's Fulton Market has increased steadily at the expense of transport by rail express or freight.

Thus it has been during Socks Lanza's reign as New York's fish czar that Dave Beck's Teamsters have come to play an increasingly important role in the market.

Lanza's whole life has revolved about the market. He began as a ham-handed, 200-pound boy of fifteen wrestling huge, heavy crates of fish on the docks for \$12 a week. Four years later, he organized the Sea Food Workers Union, and at nineteen, he was on his way. In these early, muscle-building days, he was tagged with some crude raps by police. He was charged with juvenile delinquency, burglary, murder and violation of the Sullivan Law for packing a gun. All of these charges, by the time they got to court, just faded away.

As Socks grew in muscle, he began "protecting" people. The first of the helpless to arouse his sympathy were the push-cart peddlers. He decided they needed him—for a fee. Next, he extended his benevolence to the fishing vessels, making the port safe for them at a tariff of \$10 on each load of fish they brought to the docks. He "protected" trucking companies at fees ranging from \$50 a truck to \$2,000 a company. He couldn't stand seeing businesses in the dock area suffering from vandalism and pilfering, and so, out of his bigness of heart, he brought these under his wing, too. And all the time, as he extended his power, he perfected his political connections.

He developed such influence that once, when a cop on the beat roughed up a fish dealer belonging to Socks' faction, Socks had the offender in blue transferred to the hinterlands. Another time, when former Markets Commissioner William Fellowes Morgan, Jr., tried to blow the whistle on Socks' operations, Socks showed up at the docks the next day waving a copy of the confidential statement

*The NATION*

Morgan had given to the authorities. Contacts? Socks certainly had them.

Even while he was in Leavenworth on the Sherman Anti-Trust Law rap, Socks continued to show his muscle. In 1941, Dewey as district attorney charged that Socks, all the time he was behind bars, extorted \$120 a week from Local 202 of the Brotherhood of Teamsters by the simple device of threatening to have the unions' officers murdered if they didn't pay.

When Lanza was sent up a second time in 1943 after pleading guilty to this charge, the pattern of the past was repeated. Lanza was inconvenienced but not dethroned. He still ruled.

The record of the current watchdog committee investigation makes this abundantly plain. Parole officers read into the record information they had received from an informant, and they made it clear they believed every word of it. They charged:

Joseph Lanza, through his family and combination, continues to control the Fulton Fish Market. Specifically, this operation consists of the shakedown of loaders, labor racketeering and the cornering of the shrimp, spungile and halibut produce market. It has been reported to us that Lanza owns and/or controls certain businesses in the Fish Market, that not one fish boat is unloaded without Lanza's combination getting his cut. He [the informant] alleges that this is common knowledge in the market.

Ten strong-arm characters are utilized by Lanza in enforcing his operations in the market. These he described as strong-arm men, pay-off men, enforcers and collectors, mostly of Italian extraction and residents or habitués of what he refers to as the Fourth Ward . . .

In describing Lanza's influence in the Fish Market, [the informant] stated: "He has always been the boss of the Fish Market. He is still the boss; if you send him back for ten years, he will still be the boss."

The legislature's watchdogs, shocked by the imputation that the majesty of the law hadn't been able to stand up to Lanza and his strong arms, wondered out loud whether the parole officers' informant had

been indulging in a pipe dream. It was a hopeful, rhetorical question, but any newspaperman who has attempted on-the-spot research knows that this awesome picture of Socks Lanza was not born in hashish.

For instance, you walk into a bar much frequented by fish handlers in the heart of the market. You buy a couple of drinks, pretend to scan a newspaper and call the bartender's attention to the glaring headline.

"Who's this Socks Lanza they're making all the fuss about?" you ask.

The bartender gives you a look, shrugs and moves off toward the other end of the bar as if he's suddenly discovered leprosy. All talk stops. Up and down the bar, all eyes turn on you—a stranger. The first thing you know, a couple of rough characters sidle up on either side of you; they strike up small talk, begin buying you drinks, and they pump, pump, pump, trying to find out who you are, what you want.

You shake yourself loose finally and go out on the street, trying to pursue your researches. But you soon find out, from the moment you asked that one casual question, you have become a marked man. Strange characters follow you. When you stop and try to talk to men busy behind the stalls, the insides of a gutted fish go splattering across the walk inches from your pants.

You have been told about one "solid, substantial business man" who can give you the low-down on Lanza. You go into his place, and at first he won't even admit his identity. When he does, and you try to question him, he turns into an abject, twittering wreck.

"I wouldn't know Lanza if I fell over him any more," he protests. "He hasn't been around here for years. No, I don't know anything about him. I haven't been reading the papers. I don't know anything about it. Whatever the papers say is their own business. I never had anything to do with him personally."

You come away feeling that Hitler and Stalin never used terror to more effective purpose.

Later, if you're lucky, you develop a contact who knows the neighborhood, somebody who was brought up there and "belongs" with the peo-

ple who still live along Cherry and Madison and Catherine and Market Streets. Your friend checks with his friends, and sure, he tells you, Joe Zox (as the local citizenry calls him) still runs the rackets, still runs the market, always has.

When Lanza is away, his deputies run the show. One who is known as "the watchdog" checks every boat that comes in, collecting \$10 from every dealer receiving shipments from it. Other deputies handle the kickbacks from loading and unloading, from the truck deliveries, from the union. When Lanza is free, there are always a couple of Cadillacs at his disposal, and he rides with one of his strong-arms for chauffeur.

SUCH IS the picture you get of Mr. Muscle ruling his own private satrapy. You pick up some other details, too. Of course, everyone knows that Socks' very own brother-in-law, Prospero Vincent (Duke) Viggiano, is Tammany district leader in the area—and the clerk to a Supreme Court Justice. This shows that Socks has some real solid connections, but the boys on the East Side insist that all anyone who doubted ever needed to do was to use his eyes.

There have been times when a block-long Cadillac, with uniformed chauffeur and distinguished license plate, would draw up before one of Socks' favorite bars. Socks would come out, his conservative and expensive garb fitting like a millionaire's should, and he would climb to the seat of honor and be whisked away to high-level conferences.

Of course, things are a little different now. Socks has been put back in jail until the stench surrounding his mysterious February 19 restoration to parole evaporates. His incarceration, however, seems unlikely to be more than temporary. After all, Socks was free from 1950-57, piling up good behavior time on parole, and it seems the most that can be demanded of him now on old scores is just a few months.

Socks can afford to laugh. His boys seem to be taking care of things in the market. Only the politicians are investigating the politicians. And everybody knows what always comes of *that*.

# BOOKS and the ARTS

## Of Children and Idiots

George Cuomo

WITH surprisingly few exceptions, serious fiction writers of the past thirty years have dealt almost exclusively with four characters, each of whom is in some way abnormal. Never before have these characters, despite previous appearances, had the field so much to themselves, and no one who has read ten good American novels written since 1925 should have any trouble citing examples.

Of the popularity of the first new character, the child, Martha Foley has spoken in her introduction to *Best American Short Stories, 1955*:

To be frank, there really have been two lists of selections for this year's book. The first list was all prepared when, glancing for what I thought was the last time over it, I noticed a peculiar fact. Almost every story in the list was about a child or an aged person.

.... the magazines of the past year have overflowed with such stories. One magazine, for instance, published five stories in an issue, four of which were about children.

The child in modern fiction is so different from his predecessors—Penrod, Tom Brown, Oliver Twist, Huck Finn—that he must fairly be considered new. He is a fragile individual, troubled, introspective, painstakingly dissected by his fictional creator. As Miss Foley indicates, he can be found in almost any issue of the quarterlies, and in most of the commercial magazines as well. J. D. Salinger's novel, *The Catcher in the Rye*, is a good example of his presence in the longer form.

The second group of new characters consists of those whom, as Steinbeck put it, "God did not quite finish." They are the idiots, the mo-

rons, the slow, half-developed ones. Steinbeck, Faulkner, Caldwell and most of the recent Southern writers have cultivated this land with varying effectiveness. For obvious reasons, such characters are not usually protagonists, but the reader can find them lurking ominously behind the barn, or crouching in an upstairs attic, making soft hissing sounds.

The psychological deviants hold third place. There is considerable variety: simple neurotics, manic depressives, homosexuals of various schools, and psychotics who merely want to sit and brood, or breed. Different forms of violence not generally condoned by society are much in favor among these characters. Literary treatment often borders on notebook factuality, and the difference between fiction and the favorite "human interest" article of the slick magazines ("What Psychoanalysis Did For Me") is not always clear.

The work of Fritz Peters is better than most in this group. Truman Capote's *Other Voices, Other Rooms* illustrates the natural and frequent combinations possible with different types. In that book Joel moves steadily from the child of group one to the group three homosexual. Obviously, these types can be isolated only in criticism, not in literature.

Bringing up the rear of this admittedly morbid retinue are those sometimes very happy (as in most of Steinbeck) and sometimes very unhappy (as in most of Hemingway) fringe-dwellers. This last segment is composed of many kinds: the down-and-outers, professional and amateur malcontents, oddballs, prostitutes, drunkards, pimps, gamblers, expatriates, slummers, hoboes, addicts, bums—a self-enclosed world of irreverent, aimless drifters who float on the foam of society. So pervasive is the lure of this group that Paul Pickrel was able to sum up much modern writing when in *Harper's* he referred to Nelson Algren's *Walk on the Wild Side* as a "blanket

rejection of conventional society and a hymn of praise for those who cannot or will not fit into it."

Considered as a group, these four new characters—child, idiot, psychological deviant, fringe-dweller—have certain obvious similarities. None would be labelled "normal" no matter how that much-abused word were defined. Each, decisively cut off from the broader world beyond his own narrow life, is either asocial or anti-social. Each is an outcast, an exile, an iconoclast, a rebel.

WHY are our authors so much interested in these people?

A good writer searches for an original view of life. Turning from conventional vantage points, he breaks the regular prism and finds the fragment best for him. What he finds (when he does find something, and when he as an artist can use it) is poetry in the broadest sense. Perhaps more than anything else, this constant search for the sources of poetry leads writers to the four abnormal characters. Each of the four possesses a unique viewpoint valuable to the writer.

A child's drawing, for instance, can be a remarkable piece of work. Twenty years later, if asked to draw, the former child exhibits the adult logic he has acquired in the interim: "Oh, no. I can't even make a straight line." Somehow our culture (it can't all be blamed on the schools—it's no worse there than anywhere else) has taught the child that art is concerned with straight lines, and that the grass is green, the sky blue, and life not worth looking at too closely.

The poetic insight of even an average child is a wondrous thing when viewed in relief against the old-maidism of an adult world. The child is not awed by atom bombs, rocket launchers, space travel, television screens; to him these are not numbing miracles but only commonplace aspects of a normally miraculous world. They fit casually into place and do not disrupt. The personalized view remains. It is *his* world.

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For the child, life and death are not conventions, cruelty is only too natural (until that too is suppressed) and his emotions are unencumbered. No adult is ever as happy, or sad, or excited as a child. Or as bored. A bored child is a tragic and devastating figure.

But the child is not wise. Sentimental adults enjoy lauding the wisdom of the little ones, but the in-looking at life freshly, without prejudice, without rigidity. This quality is as rare as wisdom in the adult world, and often confused with it.

LIKE the child, the idiot is unspoiled for the writer by an education of right answers and correct attitudes. His point of view remains limited, distorted and honest. In his actions there is always a helpless naturalness, a strange sensitivity to much that the fully endowed never see, and a primary unawareness of what we consider important—money, appearance, reputation, sociability—the whole parade of vital conventions.

In Steinbeck's story of Tuleracito, for instance, the idiot boy wishes to do nothing in school except draw pictures on the blackboards, all around the room. When the teacher wants to erase his work to make room for other things, he becomes furious. What else could be as important as beautiful pictures?

In the first chapter of Faulkner's *The Sound and the Fury*, Benjy views the world through uncomprehending, abruptly honest eyes:

Through the fence, between the curling flower spaces, I could see them hitting. They were coming toward where the flag was and I went along the fence.... They took the flag out, and they were hitting. Then they put the flag back and went to the table, and he hit and the other hit. Then they went on, and I went along the fence.

The country club set might not agree, but there is a straightforward honesty in this report of a game of golf.

The psychologically disturbed person gains his unique, distorted frame of reference not from lack of training (as with the child) or lack of intelligence (as with the idiot),

but from disorder and imbalance. It is not ignorance that gives him value to a writer, but perversion. From within the confines of a chilling, terror-haunted world of his own, he looks out at us only half-trustingly, and his fearful visions are hard to shake. Either completely wrong or painfully right, even in their wrongness these visions can startle us toward original and valid perceptions.

Of these four characters, the last, the fringe-dweller, is the only true rebel. He has everything the first three lack, experience, intelligence, and often a fair amount of psychological balance, yet chooses to spurn normal society, to cast his lot with neither God nor Mammon, but instead with Epicurus. Sometimes he seems to be posing. He wants the best of both worlds, the advantages of childhood and idiocy with none of the disadvantages, and can look pretty silly for his efforts.

Steinbeck and Hemingway have written best about the fringe-dwellers. *Tortilla Flat*, perhaps Steinbeck's finest book, presents a classic picture of the natural man. For Danny, Pilon, Pirate and their friends, no other existence seems possible, let alone desirable. In a very different fringe world live the characters of *The Sun Also Rises*. Hemingway's people, unlike Steinbeck's, had first known a different

## A Narrow Squeak

I shut my eyes and turned round thrice  
And opened them again: the day was gone;  
A bloodshot moonlight crept along,  
And the green hills were caked with ice.

Who was it wavered in the frosty air,  
Looked back and hesitated, turned away,  
But waited—with a word to say?  
She moved her lips. I could not hear,

I could not hear the word she said.  
It was a word of life or death.  
It stoned my heart, it stopped my breath.  
I dropped like stone, I dropped down dead.

The ground swung round three times I think.  
I pushed my heavy lids apart;  
I drank the air; I felt my heart;  
It moved, and I could smile or wink.

My eyelids fluttered: all returned—  
Bright day, green grass, soft air, warm love—  
No bloodshot moon at all, but high above,  
Just as before, the gold sun burned.

A. J. M. SMITH

world, which they gave up for lonely, unhappy exile. There are many differences between the fringe worlds presented by these authors, but both represent facets of the same thing, a life outside normal society, divorced from its basic convictions, alien to all it holds dear.

Through these four groups of characters, these crooked and broken individuals, the writer tries to free himself from the superficiality of art confined to straight lines. Most people, considered normal, have long ago forgotten how to be honest, are disciplined not to be unique, and are too much with the world and its ways to be amoral. To find what he wants and needs, the writer must turn to those who, like himself, break conventional molds.

If these four characters, however, offer so much, why have not writers discovered them before?

Part of the answer, of course, is that they have. Shakespeare used these characters. So did Dostoevski and Melville, and innumerable others. But in our time such characters have become the rule.

Some reasons for this seem obvious: the wars, the H-bomb, the depression, the strains of industrial and urban growth. There is also the influence of Freud. But why, for that matter, has Freud been so popular?

Perhaps our literary interest in

abnormality springs largely from our everyday insistence on "normality." From politics and education to fashion and the popular arts, the pressures to conform are great. Our off-beat literature seems to reflect a safe and well-disguised protest against conventional absolutes.

The anti-social mood of fiction has appeared even in that most rigid bulwark of conformity—mass entertainment. Presley, Brando and Dean represent everything their average fan is not, wishes he were, and is afraid to be. We have a fantasy revolution. The rebels are numerous but afraid to declare themselves. They choose an indirect course, identifying with contra-idols who glorify the opposite of their culture's accepted ideals. Perhaps some basic sickness is suggested when this pattern becomes common.

Writers are usually among the first to see the imbalances of their age, and American literature became disreputable some years before its audience was ready to follow suit, even surreptitiously. Our writers have done again what Wordsworth did in 1798 when he broke with his time in search of freer concepts of literature and life. They have tried to keep their world in balance by espousing what is unconventional and unacceptable, and by attacking what is sacred. From Socrates' day to the present, writers and philosophers have rightly been considered dangerous by guardians of status quo morality.

A PRIMARY weakness of the mass of fiction about abnormality is that there is such a mass of it. What was once daring and rebellious becomes first successful, then repetitive; and imitative writers often ruin the game for those who play it well. Too many writers, embracing abnormality, have not looked long enough at their world before disowning it. They disown some pretty good things, and some pretty bad things for the wrong reasons, cited by rote. Now that these four new characters have been made acceptable, there is no reason to spend the rest of our lives with them only. Even Greek gods can seem flat after a while.

Distortion and abnormality have

most value when they give meaning to what is not distorted. Freud certainly recognized this, although his popularizers sometimes fail to. In much modern writing, abnormality becomes an end in itself, rather than a way of viewing a more universal end in a more enlightened manner.

The writer must sit as Joyce saw him, omnipotent above his creation,

paring his fingernails. He must retain through education and maturity the honesty of the child, the carelessness of the idiot, the perversity of the mentally disturbed, and the rootlessness of the fringe-dweller. The writer must contain all these attitudes, and also, in his detachment, none of them. The writer, behind and above his character, must look with his own eyes.

## The Fate of a Writer

Mark Gayn

*IN ITS issue of February 23, The Nation printed a short story, "Love," by Tibor Dery. In addition to its intrinsic merit, the story had the special interest that it was a work by one of the intellectual and literary leaders of postwar Hungary. As we said in a note at the time, Dery had been an influential Communist; more recently he had come under severe party attack. A few weeks ago he was arrested by the political police and his present situation is unknown.*

NOW SIXTY-THREE, Tibor Dery has always been intractable. Under the Fascist regime of Admiral Horthy, he led a double life—as a writer and poet and as a member of the Communist underground. When the Communists came to power in Hungary in 1945, they took Dery to their bosom, and Dery repaid well. Early in 1950, he joined other writers in a "labor competition," and announced he would have the first volume of a major trilogy, *The Answer*, ready for "Book Day" on June 4. When the work did appear, one top-ranking critic called it "probably the most important prose work since the liberation." The hero of *The Answer* was Balint Kope, the son of a worker and a janitress, and the trilogy was to depict his life, from boyhood and participation in the bloody strike of September 1, 1930, to the day in 1948 when he became manager of a nationalized factory. In the process, Dery dealt with the brutality of Horthyism, the revolutionary movement, and "the treason of the Right-Wing Social-Democrats, who worked hand in glove with the Horthy police."

Yet, the Communists remained wary of their prized author. In 1951, Joseph Revai, the intellectual taskmaster in Hungary, urged Dery to stop "being an

outsider though within the Party." "In his work and behavior," Revai said, "Dery continues to stress his aloofness and his peculiarities." The peculiarities were displayed again in *The White Butterfly*, the love story of a young worker and an amoral girl Communist. When Dery was bombarded with critical letters from Red puritans, he wrote back angrily: "You demand purity in my heroes. . . . You do not want to hear the truth; you want the writer to create a world without struggle and without conflict. . . . You turn away from the plain truth!" This response added fuel to the party criticism, and it was extended later to the second volume of *The Answer*.

THE party was loath to break with one of its veterans and best writers. It kept wooing him, and whenever that failed, it denied him readers. At least three of his works, including the story of his favorite dog, Niki, were refused publication. Neither the carrot nor the blue pencil worked. When the Writers' Union became custodian of the revolutionary flame in the summer of 1956, Dery was among the leading literary rebels. And when the revolt did break out on October 23, he was one of the writers who went to the parliament to give counsel to Premier Imre Nagy.

In a speech on April 4, the twelfth anniversary of the liberation of Hungary by the Soviet troops, George Marosan, one of the new regime's hatchetmen, quoted Dery as saying, "When the first guns opened fire [on October 23], I felt as if it was my own finger that was pulling the trigger." If that is so, Marosan added, "it was also Dery who, along with the other writers, was burning the Red flag and pulling the Red star down from rooftops . . . That was our error; we pampered our writers too much. We kept some of them in such material wealth and fame that they did not even

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have to fight for the reader's approval."

Barely two weeks after this speech, Dery—who, either as a writer or as man, was never wholly kept—was arrested "because there is sound reason to believe he committed a crime against the state." At the same time, the government reaffirmed its order closing down the Writers' Union. In prison, Dery joined Joseph Gali, the young playwright, and Gyula Obersovszky, who, for his last word in the courtroom, chose to read his own poetry to the indifferent bench. Still to go, if the press denunciations are a guide, are the noted playwright Gyula Hay, the Communist poet Zoltan Zelk, the writer Tibor Tardos and a dozen others. Thus, in cold blood, the Communist Party is settling its scores.

In *Le Monde* the other day, Tidor Meray, himself an escaped journalist,

quoted the last bit of Dery's writing he had seen: "I am old . . . and I have taken part in two revolutions. In 1945, I thought that the workers and the peasants, all those who had been on the nation's margins, would find a new homeland. But, during the past ten years, piece by piece, our country has been stolen. We thought we were building socialism; in fact, we were being enclosed within prison walls, stained with blood and falsehood. I hold myself responsible, because my eyes did not open until it was too late. The thing is done; I reproach myself for not having used my words—or my silence—so that the whole world could understand. But we do have an excuse, we Hungarian writers: we have certainly been too late in launching an open fight against tyranny, but it was we at least who gave the signal."

## The Policy of Backward Nations

**THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF GROWTH.** By Paul A. Baran. Monthly Review Press. 308 pp. \$5.

Joan Robinson

IT IS a pity that Professor Baran writes in a style that is liable to get him dismissed as a "mere propagandist," for his main thesis is one that all open-minded people need to consider. It is (as far as a brief summary can do justice to a richly embroidered theme) that the causes of economic backwardness in the underdeveloped regions of the world are not to be found in "a shortage of capital" or "lack of entrepreneurship," but in the social and political structure of the countries concerned; and that this is rooted in the nature of their relations with the developed capitalist nations.

In every country there is some economic surplus and as soon as it begins to be systematically invested in productive forms the self-multiplying process of development begins. What is preventing it from getting under way in the underdeveloped parts of the so-called "free" world? Professor Baran divides them into three categories—those which are still colonies; those where nominally independent governments, representing feudal or native capitalist classes, are

maintained by the capitalist powers for their own economic or political benefit, and those, India is the leading example, with governments "of what might be called a 'New Deal' orientation."

In the first group, in spite of modern improvements, the surplus which might provide the foundations for development is syphoned off in profits to alien investors and absorbed by the expense of an alien administration. The second group, also, is important to the advanced capitalist countries as a source of raw materials. In particular it contains the oil producers. The fantastic story of Kuwait and Saudi Arabia is well enough known but gains fresh point in this context. The less-favored agricultural and metal exporting countries enjoy a smaller, but still considerable, foreign revenue, which runs to waste in corruption and "squandering of vast sums on the maintenance of sprawling bureaucracies and military establishments the sole function of which is to keep the comprador regimes in power."

In the countries which have freed themselves from actual or camouflaged colonialism, governments have come into being with popular support, but they function in societies still set in the colonial mould and they lack the resolution to crack the mould and deal with their own propertied classes. Professor Baran takes a pessimistic view of their capacity for development, though curiously enough he holds out some moderate hope for Egypt.

THE BOOK has many faults. The economic analysis is slapdash. It is hardly adequate to bring out the moth-eaten argument that a Keynesian policy is impossible in the developed capitalist countries, because budget deficits cause inflation. In the discussion of agriculture the vitally important distinction between land-improving and labor-saving investment is overlooked and the argument about capital-intensive techniques is self-contradictory.

The historical analysis is wildly hypothetical—romantic rather than Marxian. If only India had not been occupied she would have developed like Japan (a nightmare, surely, though Professor Baran treats it as a pleasant daydream). If only socialism had been established in the advanced countries Stalinism would not have occurred. If only the world were different it would not be what it is.

The fervor of Professor Baran's dislike of complacency and self-deception never allows him to give the devil his due. In his attack upon those who make the population problem an excuse for doing nothing he seems to deny that growing numbers are an obstacle to raising income per head or that a fool-proof contraceptive would be the greatest blessing that medical science could offer to mankind.

Such weaknesses will make it only too easy for a reader who dislikes Professor Baran's point of view to score tricks against him, but they do not affect the main case, which cannot be lightly dismissed.

Professor Baran ends the book on

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a moderately cheerful note by pointing to the development of the countries which have set out on the Socialist path. But his last word, in the preface, is far from encouraging. "Only the advanced countries' progress and guidance on the road to a Socialist democracy will terminate the untold suffering to which mankind has been condemned thus far." If development has to wait for socialism

in the now prosperous capitalist countries the outlook is gloomy indeed. This line of argument is surely ill-judged as well as unnecessarily pessimistic. Only when the advanced countries are satisfied that *they* need not disturb themselves will they tolerate, and so permit, the drastic social changes required to set the colonial, and ex-colonial and quasi-colonial nations on a hopeful path.

## THEATRE and FILMS

### Robert Hatch

THIS being the year of O'Neill, it was almost predictable that one of his plays would come to town as a song and dance show. I would have bet on *The Emperor Jones* with Harry Belafonte, but *Anna Christie* with Gwen Verdon is not a surprise.

George Abbott has taken as much from O'Neill as he can use in a musical—he has borrowed the basic situation and the central characters and then gone off on his own to cut the expected comedy capers. The resemblance of *New Girl in Town* (Forty-Sixth Street Theatre) to *Anna Christie* is apparent but not striking. The smart trick was to build the role of Marthy Owen up to co-starring stature and then give it to Thelma Ritter. Miss Verdon is an ingenue with scarlet petticoats; Miss Ritter is a ribald, apple-cheeked gnome who appears to move on concealed springs. Each in her way is a superb showman and neither is inclined to step aside for the other. The result is an invigorating neck and neck race for the applause of the final curtain.

The two ladies work their heads off against a conventional but pleasant background of music by Bob Merrill (there is at least one tune you can whistle), sets by Rouben Ter-Arutunian and dances (including the now-obligatory dream ballet) by Bob Fosse. The

male leads are George Wallace as Anna's lover and Cameron Prud'homme as Chris Christopherson, Anna's father and Marthy's old man. Sensible actors with good, strong singing voices, they are quick enough on their feet to keep out of the way of the main contest.

Broadway is as rich in technical know-how as General Motors and *New Girl in Town* is the product of that applied skill. I applaud it; I think *New Girl* is a great show, just as I think my Chevrolet is a great car. Both cost more than I like, but it is impossible to resist the absurdly efficient machinery.

IT IS my firm, if narrow, conviction that the world of bull fighting is no place for Anglo Saxons. Non-Latin aficionados are corrupted; they go about talking of "the moment of truth," telling you of the sacred brotherhood between matador and bull and asserting that death in the afternoon is somehow a purification. Feverish talk, this, and I've always suspected that the northern zealots were making it up out of a misty romanticism unknown in the Spanish-speaking countries.

There is nothing romantic or high-flown about *Torero!*, incomparably the most lucid and revealing account of the sport I have seen. Why does a boy become a matador? Because he is poor and the bullring offers the one hope he can see of escape. No child of the well-to-do, says this picture, ever becomes a torero. How does the matador feel about the bulls? He fears them; awake and asleep he fears them. Why does he go on fighting? Because he fears even more the jeers of his public. A bullfighter is paid well for his skill and his courage; it is part of the unspoken bargain, apparently, that he will not retire until age and injuries force him.

*Torero!* is the semi-documentary professional biography of Luis Procuna, one of Mexico's most-celebrated matadors, who plays himself in the film. He

is a man of great charm and frankness of countenance; you are compelled to like him and to sympathize with him—he is caught in the ironic trap of his skill and fame. It would be wrong to say that Procuna hates his profession—no one hates a thing he does as well as Procuna kills bulls—but it is obvious that it haunts him and poisons the joy he takes in his home and family. I came from the theatre praying that this simple but very sensitive man will survive (he has already been gored to the very point of death) until the day when he can retire with honor.

Carlos Velo, the director of *Torero!*, has photographed and edited a documentary of unflinching clarity. He draws you into the hot, noisy, blood-reeking scene as into the vortex of a nightmare; the stupid, pathetic, terribly dangerous bulls; the slim, graceful, incredibly tight-nerved matadors; the cheering, taunting crowd, demanding always greater and greater risks, idolizing those who will take them, staring avidly when someone has taken a risk too great. It does not seem beautiful or admirable to me, but I think I understand what the Spanish peoples find to admire in it. It is a matter of living with death as a familiar and violence as a commonplace. Our savagery is as real, but less in the open.

*SOMETHING OF VALUE* is made from Robert Ruark's novel of the same name. It is a melodrama of the Kenya uprisings and takes its title from a state-

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Promiscuous lovers  
Pine to have,  
Under the covers,  
One faithful love,  
And treat their lust,  
Being overwrought,  
With rare disgust  
On second thought.  
  
Faithful lovers  
Soon develop  
The eye of rovers:  
Satyr, trollope,  
Long out of mind,  
Become enticing  
And come around—  
The cake needs icing.

Though most have tried  
A bit of both,  
Lied and denied,  
And nothing loth  
To lie again,  
They've never found,  
With women and men,  
A middle ground.

HOWARD MOSS

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ment by one of the British characters to the effect that if you deprive the African of all his beliefs, customs and pleasures you had best give him in return something of value, or one day he will be avenged.

It is not a remarkable picture, though exciting as a story and well enough acted by Rock Hudson, Sidney Poitier, William Marshall, Wendy Hiller and the others; but it does make a commendable effort to show what the issues are and to divide the human decency evenly between the whites and blacks.

*THE DEVIL'S GENERAL* is a screen adaption of a play by Carl Zuckmayer and directed by Helmut Kautner, whose *The Murderer Is Among Us* was shown here several years ago. Like its predecessor, like so much of what the Germans have done since the war, it is another attempt to define the guilt. In this case the argument falls into quicksand.

If the honorable old soldier sees so clearly what swine the Nazis are, does he save his own soul by small personal kindnesses, muttered sneers and the consumption of alarming quantities of alcohol? Does he prove anything by committing suicide? The problem is human enough, but it now seems to lack relevance. Curt Jurgens plays the part with considerable weary charm; there is a sabotage mystery to hold your attention, and the usual S.S. exquisite for you to grind your teeth at.

*THREE FEET IN A BED* finds Fernandel engaged in a slapstick of matchless dreariness. He is a vacuum cleaner salesman and she (whoever she is) is an amorous South American hotel owner with a pistol in her reticule. Fernandel flashes all his grimaces in a kind of desperate semaphore which I read as request for the audience to leave without creating a disorder.

tion: five bullets into a gangster in a curbside taxi; Texas Guinan drinking in a patrol wagon; a wild prohibition brawl. And the songs—"Black Bottom," "Body and Soul," the hits from *Show Boat*—took the viewer back to the era.

Both shows had subjects admirably suited to biography with music. The difference between them was in their ability to translate the real personality to television. The Cohan show crowded the screen with realistic detail; Spiegelgass and his associates used impressionism, working by suggestion, and evocative flashes. Their show was lighter, it better suited the intimacy of the small screen and it conveyed a much clearer and more persuasive overall portrait. One of the great advantages of television is just this imaginative technique, and it is by going in that direction that the medium can be successful.

**VIEWING NOTES:** Ed Wynn's portrayal of a man facing the emptiness of retirement in *The Great American Hoax*, a Paddy Chayefsky story on the 20th Century-Fox Hour, was a gentle but authoritative characterization. With an excellent assist performance from Conrad Nagel, Wynn made "the old-age problem" real and human. His statement: "I believe a man should keep his dignity till the day he dies," accomplished more than any number of high-level conferences on geriatrics or enforced leisure time. And a lot more people watched and listened.

Although *A Drum Is a Woman* was not a well-constructed TV show, it was an experiment in a new form which should be influential. Now that the ice is broken, TV producers may tackle other works of music as frames for dramatic shows. Marc Blitzstein's "Ode to New York," Aaron Copland's program music—even Vivaldi's "The Seasons"—come to mind as possible material. I saw no review of the Ellington show which noted that it was produced according to the strictest principle of segregation: there was not one white performer on the program.

## TELEVISION

**Anne W. Langman**

I CANNOT think that anyone ever wanted to turn off George M. Cohan. But the hectic *Mr. Broadway*—NBC's musical comedy portrait of the great showman—had me reaching for the knob. Written by Sam and Bella Spewack, who have given Broadway such literate and entertaining shows as *Boy Meets Girl* and *Kiss Me Kate*, and starring Mickey Rooney in the title role, its failure was a surprise, for all are experienced in show business. If they were trying to present a biography of the man, they failed to capture his character; if their aim was a ninety-minute musical using Cohan as a peg, the ghost of Mr. Broadway got in the way. The result was neither Cohan nor entertainment.

The musical treatment was elaborate, but it featured such bottom-of-the-trunk Cohan numbers as "Indians and Trees" and "The Shoes that Hurt," perhaps to avoid duplication with the movies' ode to Cohan, *Yankee Doodle Dandy*. Cohan came out pure Mickey Rooney at his most frenetic, bullying, bossing, screaming, fighting. The shudder which Rooney can produce as the ruthless egomaniac was perfectly suited to *The Comedian* which he did on Playhouse 90 a few months ago. But the backstage tyrant is a stereotype that has little to do with the personality or talent of George M. Cohan.

A few nights later, Playhouse 90

(CBS) undertook a similar theme in *The Helen Morgan Story* and produced an evening of excellent entertainment and drama. Leonard Spiegelgass, aided by Miss Morgan's mother, wrote a straightforward and engrossing story of the singer's unhappy life; the title role was handled admirably by a lively, curvaceous young singer named Polly Bergen, with Hoagy Carmichael at the piano. "Why was I born, why am I living?" Helen crooned from her perch on the piano, and ninety minutes of skilful writing, acting and directing gave us a sketch of the answer. Miss Morgan loved unwisely and drank too much; she was thus a symbol of what we remember as the twenties. To its great credit, the show did not attempt to prettify her story; with great finesse it sketched the background against which she performed almost by sugges-

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## MUSIC

### Lester Trimble

**PANFILO AND LAURETTA**, a new opera by the Mexican composer, Carlos Chavez, and the American poet-librettist, Chester Kallman, called forth much interested speculation before its recent premiere at the Brander Matthews Theatre. For one thing, it had been commissioned by the Rockefeller Foundation and Lincoln Kirstein. Then too, Chavez, despite massive ventures in other musical fields, had not yet presented the public with an opera. Kallman, who collaborated with W. H. Auden on the libretto for Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress*, had been working with the text of *Panfilo* for a considerable time, and it was rumored to be both complex and operatically unusual.

Rumor proved to be correct. The libretto, in apparent relationship to Boccaccio's *Decameron*, presents four characters who have taken up an isolated existence in a Tuscan villa to hide from the plague which has infected renaissance Florence. To while away the days, they enact a series of little plays. Dioneo, the playwright, would seem to represent the creative personality who observes and, in a way, directs life, but takes little part in it and is ultimately consumed by his muse. Elissa, a worldly, passionate woman, gives succor to all, but receives little for herself. Panfilo, a young knight, places faith in direct action and bodily health, while Lauretta, the object of his importunity, is cool, distant and wilfully submerged in unreality. One other player appears variously as a Monk, a Physician, and the leader of a chorus of cadaverous plague-refugees.

All of these characters (with the exception of the Monk) are, in their simplest terms, sharply delineated and attractive. Because Panfilo, in his impersonations of Cupid, a Centurion, and the first Adam, is consistently representing his real-life nature, his switches from the play to the "plays within a play" are clear. Elissa, too, remains sharply defined as a woman of compassion and expansive morals whether she appears as Venus, a Procureess, or Lilith. With Lauretta, however, we begin to encounter complications. And, in the character of the Monk-Physician, we find ambiguities which most fully illustrate the text's intrinsic difficulty.

At the beginning of the second act, this character knocks on the bolted door and, over the protests of Lauretta and Dioneo, is admitted to the citadel.

The line which gains him entrance is: "I thought I might be needed." Subsequently, he enacts the role of Lazarus and then, resuming his own character, betrays the company by throwing open the door to a plague-ridden crowd. Suddenly, without warning, he falls dead.

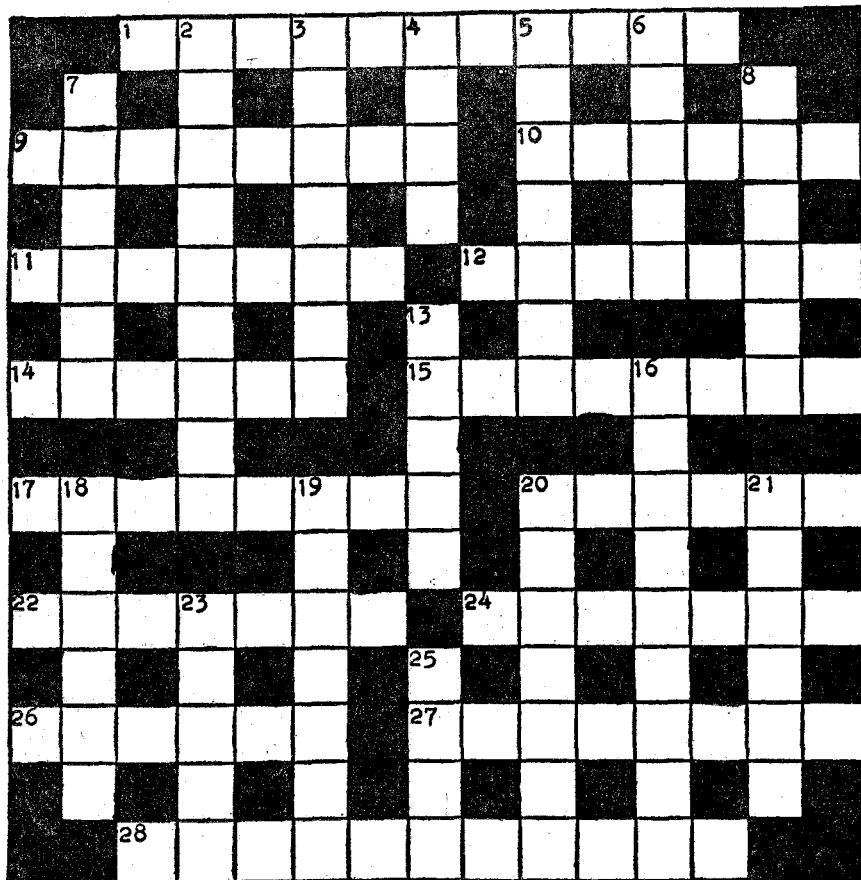
A MULTITUDE of questions are raised by such enigmatic behavior: what does the author mean to say by having his four isolates betrayed by a symbol of the Church? When the Monk reappears in the next act as a Physician—possibly a symbol of healing—what is the meaning of this reincarnation? Clearly these things are significant. But the viewer is left with no time for rumination. When statements are tenuous in meaning he simply grows confused and the play proceeds without him.

This, I think, points up a danger inherent in every fusion of a poetic text with dramatic action and music. Libretti, in their highest development, should be poetry. Onstage, however, they must provide some of the broad clues to meaning and to subsequent action that a prose text would afford.

*Panfilo and Lauretta*, regardless of these criticisms, is a more successful opera than it appeared to be on opening night or on the second occasion I heard it. As it stands, the textual difficulties automatically place it within a special, obscurantist category. But with a bit of reworking, many passages could be given more strongly marked significance. As for the music, despite a desperately ragged performance by the amateur orchestra in the pit, and despite the attention diverted from it by the need to concentrate on the libretto, it showed itself to have the lusty, primitivist strength which characterizes Chavez' music in general. Certain time-marking neo-classic techniques were certainly overused, and the ridiculous "laughing" music in the second act should be lifted in its entirety. But the composition as a whole was full of ominous roiling colors, both abstractly interesting and appropriate to the macabre elements in the plot. The flights of lyricism afforded Lauretta, and to a lesser degree, Panfilo, were enough in themselves to establish Chavez as a convincing operatic composer. This, his first dramatic work, may require some internal adjustments; but the adjustments will be matters of technique and detail, not of substance.

# Crossword Puzzle No. 726

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 Sheridan's character was responsible for such a blunder. (11)
- 9 Missile in the news, perhaps. (8)
- 10 Perfect 26 suggests that it's twice this—but not forty! (6)
- 11 and 12 The characters in "Guys and Dolls" who acted like a well-known Trader?? (3-4, 7)
- 14 Lucia's is famous. (6)
- 15 One of its features is to retain control, and it shows it. (8)
- 17 Ragweed or beebread doesn't suggest anything so heavenly! (8)
- 20 Takes a rather unhealthy position during business depressions. (6)
- 22 Fielding might be credited with them, in contributing to 5 down. (7)
- 24 Western ones sometimes have horns, and mix things up amidships. (7)
- 26 Are good-lookers proud of theirs? (6)
- 27 Something that might cause trouble with the distortion of sound, and shuts up completely. (8)
- 28 and 25 down What a comic does when he adheres to a kidding manner? Mulligan reputedly behaves so! (6, 2, 3, 4)

## DOWN:

- 2 Animal associated with a rocking departure? (9)
- 3 Where nickels seem to disappear under the driver's seat (7)

- 4 Let a tear, perhaps. (4)
- 5 Runners aren't always safe when others are making them. (3-4)
- 6 and 13 down Meat certainly isn't made from 16 down! (10)
- 7 Rather wolfish line, when not down-hearted. (6)
- 8 This type doesn't have much variation. (6)
- 13 See 6 down
- 16 He may have had prospects, and this was responsible for his getting a rise out of things. (9)
- 18 The sort of law that is pretty on the surface. (6)
- 19 Rather like the chief head of 27, as it can prove. (7)
- 20 A frightening word is about the current measure of preparation applicable on top. (7)
- 21 Argues what might be at the bottom of the page is about to come first. (6)
- 23 I would in short get over one to upset a fool. (5)
- 25 See 28 across

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 725

ACROSS: 1 PALMISTS; 5 SCOPES; 10 NIGHTLY; 11 ALLAYED; 12 HOTEL; 13 ANTEATERS; 14 OSAGE; 15 DELEGATE; 19 WHATNOTS; 22 NINNY; 24 OBSTINATE; 28 ROLLO; 29 ALLUDES; 30 ASSURE; 31 NEW YEARS. DOWN: 1 PANTHEON; 2 LIGHT; 3 INTELLECT; 4 TOYLAND; 6 CALLA; 7 and 28 PAYMENT IN ADVANCE; 8 SADIST; 9 MANTREL; 15 ADHESIVES; 17 GENERALLY; 18 SYNOPSIS; 20 ONAGER; 21 SEEPAGE; 23 SONATA; 25 INNER; 27 LYDIA.

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